

The Book Factory

By EDWARD ANTHONY.

CHRISTMAS STANZAS: PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO AUTHORS.

A mawkish kindness whelms me as
Approaches Christmas Day.
I have no gibe for any scribe
In this, my Yuletide lay.

I weep to think that I have knocked
Some authors in my time.
Repentant bard, I'll try real hard
To please 'em in this rhyme.

Hooray for Harold Wright! He's great!
And, what is more, I think
That Peter Kyne is simply fine!
His health I'm proud to drink!

Three cheers for E. M. Hull, who wrote
That masterpiece, "The Sheik!"
I proudly state I've read it eight—
No, twenty times, this week.

And now let's all stand up and give
A cheer for old Hall Caine,
A novelist I can't resist!
The man has such a brain!

Let's spell it out for Eddie Guest,
Best poet in the land!
His "songs o' cheer" are Simply Dear—
In fact, I think they're grand! . . .

So shaken by emotion am
I that I find it quite
A job to go on strumming, so
My lyre I'll cease to smite.

And as I do, let's all stand up,
(Good Babbitts, to a man)
And all benign repeat the line,
"They do the best they can."

THE SNAPPY COMEBACK.

Recently we asked a well known newspaperman, "Why don't you write fiction for the magazines?" He replied, "I'm too busy writing fiction for the newspapers."

POETS REVISED!

"AMY LOWELL REVISES MODERN POETS" reads the caption of the announcement of Amy's new version of "A Book Shelf of Modern Poets." Well, some of them can stand revision.

We hope the poets won't jump on the caption writer for penning that head. If he had wanted to he might have written (provided he speaks Mr. Mencken's American language) an even severer head, as, for instance, AMY LOWELL PUTS 37 POETS ON SHELF.

HENRY MORGENTHAU, THE TURKISH JOAN OF ARC.

The same caption writer placed above a picture of Henry Morgenthau, author of "All in a Lifetime," the heading, "THE TURKISH JOAN OF ARC." It seems that Mr. Morgenthau refers in his book to Halide Edli Hanum, whom continental journalists have blessed with that enviable title, and the caption writer, who is probably a very busy man, misunderstood and thought Mr. Morgenthau meant himself.

The announcement doesn't say why Halide is known as the Turkish Joan. It simply says that she is translating Oscar Wilde into Turkish. . . . Still, that's as brave as anything Joan ever did.

ADD BROMIDES.

He Stood Framed in the Door. . . .
He Shifted Uneasily from Foot to Foot. . . .
For It was None Other Than He. . . .

Alec Waugh, author of "Roland Whately," although only twenty-four years old, has already published three books.—Book Note.

"Tut!" said little Hilda Conkling, "that's nothing."

MORE OR LESS VITAL STATISTICS.

"Selma Lagerlof has acted as one of three judges in the awarding of a prize of 20,000 Swedish crowns to the writer of the best family novel with a romantic background," reads a book note. "One hundred

and fifty novels were submitted. Try to realize what it means that there should be such a wealth of epic ability, or ambition, in a country the total population of which is the same as Greater New York."

Hell! that's only one novel to about every 40,000 people, or not in the same class with the American average of a novel to every four people (of Spalding's Literary Guide for 1922, with statistical charts).

And, oh, yes! Reread that book note and strike out "epic ability." "Ambition" is the right word.

Speaking of ambition ours is to write a volume on palmistry so that we may refer to it as a handbook.

LINES ON "MAYA THE BEE"; or, BEE LINES.

Cassandra and Maya were jostled aside. Whereupon a drone, a friendly young fellow of immaculate appearance, came to their assistance. . . . Cassandra scarcely noticed him.—From Waldemar Bonsels's sprightly "Maya the Bee."

Well, if the drones aren't treated any better than that we don't blame 'em for not working.

"Maya the Bee" is ably translated, but we wondered what it was that Waldemar Bonsels, the Scandinavian author, wrote that made the translator put the Londonism, "Cheerio!" in the mouth of one of the bees. Since English patois is represented it seems only fair to include some Irish lingo, especially since Maya, the heroine, is an inexperienced, or, we should say, to make the thing clearer, green bee. Somewhere, then, she should have been made to say, "Beegorra!"

LONDON LETTER; SPECIAL TO THE BOOK FACTORY.

Your correspondent has been palavering with Sidney Dark and J. D. Beresford of the Society of Bookmen here about the co-operative advertising stunt for books. The noble slogan of "Buy a book a week" may soon be knocking 'em dead in England as it did in the States. If it does we vote for the importation of Marion Humble from 334 Fifth Avenue to carry on the good work. But we join with G. H. Grubb in suggesting a contract stipulating that no work is to be done in time of fog, political

upheaval, or during the stress of a press agent campaign of the sisters Talmadge.

These highbrow weeklies, how they frighten us. We stammer for twenty minutes after talking with a member of the editorial staff of *The New Republic*. We are all tied up with respectful neuroses and complexes at the very mention of the name of one of Ben Huebsch's editorial crew of *The Freeman*. Naturally, we expected a considerable manifestation of dignity by the editors of the ancient and solid weeklies of old England. But we are mortified and chagrined and deeply dismayed at the report we must make now concerning that sober English periodical *The Nation*. Not long ago a certain Rhodes scholar stepped warily into their office in the Adelphi and asked for H. M. Tomlinson. He was told that Mr. Tomlinson was out. He then asked for Mr. Massingham. Mr. Massingham was out. He asked for anybody at all of that august editorial force. They were all out. They were all out together, as unified as a group of striking bricklayers . . . and they were all at the movies.

But when J. J. Bell, the merry Scotchman of Wee MacGregor fame, comes up from Glasgow for a day or two at the Savage Club there are newspaper men, editors and publishers who are out. *The Book Factory's* Special Correspondent, after the last Bell's Light Luncheon, which proceeded from a few preliminary sherries to a fat Burgundy, port and liqueurs, was down and out.

All faithful followers of *The Book Factory* are urged to buy "The Fairies Up to Date," with pictures by Jean de Bosschere, which appears simultaneously in London and New York. Don't be deceived by the fact that the book contains verses by the editor of *The Book Factory*. It's a good book.

London.

Joe.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Don't be deceived by our correspondent's characteristic inaccuracy. "The Fairies Up to Date" will not be published in "the States," as our correspondent would say, until March. Save your money until then.

THE "AMERICAN" LANGUAGE.

A year ago Opie Swift, in a letter from London, jumped on us for calling "nut" American slang. Opie pointed out that the colloquialism is used in England as much as in this country. A few weeks ago T. W. J., in the *Toronto Star*, told us we were all wrong for thinking "bennie" (meaning

overcoat) typical American patois. And now John Barley, another Canadian, tells us that we were away off when, in commenting on Swinnerton's use of "fathead" in "The Three Lovers," we spoke of the English novelist's familiarity with American slang. Mr. Barley insists (in some gay verses that we'll print one of these days) that "fathead" is an ancient English term. If this continues Mr. Mencken may have to change the title of his book on the so-called American lingo to "The English Language."

One phrase whose 100 per cent. Americanism we were always sure of was "poor fish." And now, in a French novel, we run across the expression, "muet comme un poisson." Of course, "dumb as a fish" isn't the same as "poor fish," but it's pretty close. After a while we'll begin to think that the only real American colloquialism is "guy." Of course, England once had a Guy named Fawkes and Sir Walter Scott wrote, in *Quentin Durward*, "Ah, County Guy, the hour is nigh," &c., but we're a liberal and we're willing to overlook those cases.

The Immortal Horace

HORACE AND HIS INFLUENCE. By Grant Showerman. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

THIS second volume in the series of "Our Debt to Greece and Rome" carries out the high promise of the undertaking. Professor Showerman has not only written a very useful, edifying and appetizing book that should arouse interest in the audience at which it is aimed (that is, readers who have not met Horace in his own form) but he has produced something that will be welcomed by old lovers of that most lovable poet. He has almost achieved the seemingly impossible result of saying something new on a subject about which countless volumes have been written during the past thousand years. There is a freshness of approach in it, a feeling of a definite personality—rather, of the meeting of two real persons—in his interpretation. The first part of the book discusses Horace as a man and as a poet; the arch interpreter of Roman life of his day, as spectator and critic of life in general. He next passes to a brief outline of "Horace through the ages," and shows why he is still so dynamically alive and likely to remain so. His *Exegi monumentum* was no futile boast, though a good many imperfectly informed folk to-day consider Latin a dead language.

Gertrude Atherton, in *The Literary Digest International Review*, writes about the new book by

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